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930 JUNE

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UNTIL NATURE DECREED  
A WEIRD REVENGE! SEE  
FOR YOURSELF THE HORROR  
OF WHAT HAPPENED  
IN  
*THE*  
**THING**  
*on the*  
**BEACH!**

IT--IT'S A  
BEAST...A MONSTER  
LIKE NOTHING UNDER  
CREATION!



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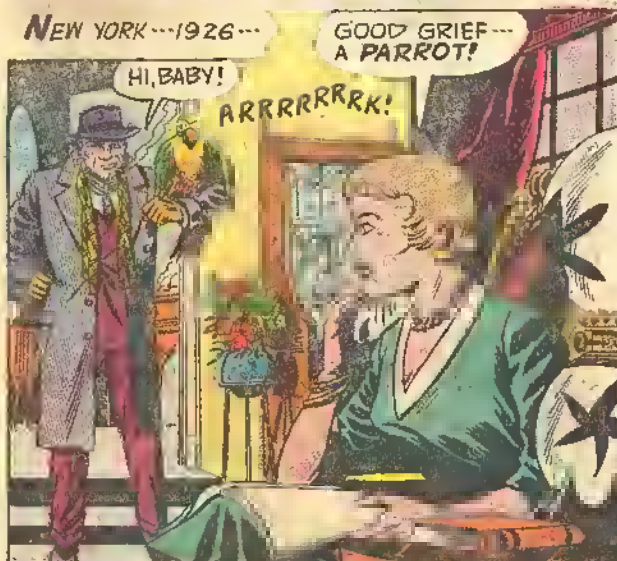


HOW MANY TRICKS CAN YOU TEACH A SMART BIRD LIKE A PARROT? YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRAIN HIM TO UNLOCK DOORS AND FIRE A LITTLE GUN...BUT IF YOU DO...BE CAREFUL! BECAUSE THEN THE PARROT WILL KNOW HOW TO LOCK DOORS...THEN THE LITTLE GUN MAY BE FIRED AT YOU...AND YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE ROTTING IN DARKNESS...AMID THE SQUAWK OF...

# The TALKING MACHINE!



NEW YORK...1926...



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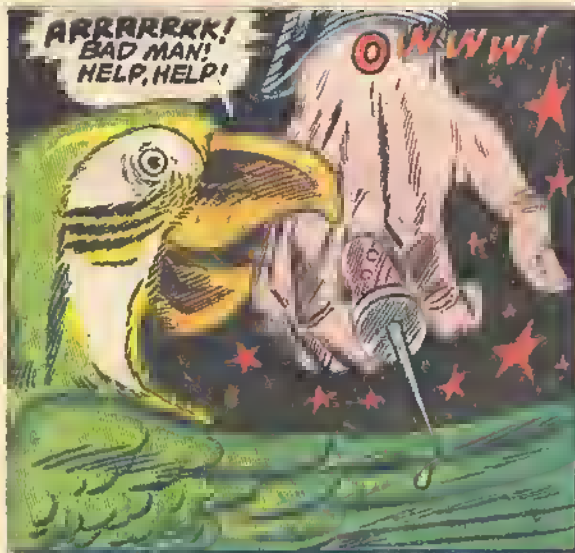
REMEMBER THAT LABORATORY JOB WE PULLED...LOOKING FOR NARCOTICS? AND HOW ALL WE GOT WAS A NEW KIND OF DRUG...SOMETHING WE HAD NO USE FOR?

THE STUFF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO INCREASE THE BRAIN POWER OF ANIMALS? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ROBBING A FACTORY PAY-ROLL?

PLENTY! GIVE THAT PARROT A SHOT OF THIS...AND IT'LL TALK LIKE A HUMAN! IT'S GOT FEET THAT OPERATE ALMOST LIKE HUMAN HANDS...AND A HEAVY BEAK THAT CAN OPEN LOCKS LIKE A FLYING TOOL-KIT! YOU GET THE IDEA NOW, CORA?

I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK, ROD!

A DOPE LIKE YOU ISN'T SUPPOSED TO THINK! ONE QUICK JAB...AND WE'LL GET RESULTS!



QUICKLY...ROD HOBSON POUNCES ON THE STUNNED PARROT!

YOU'RE GONNA FORGET ALL THAT CUTE STUFF! FROM NOW ON...YOU'RE GONNA LEARN IMPORTANT THINGS!

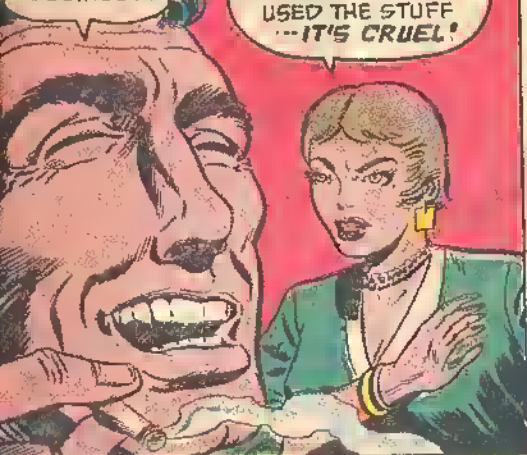
ARRRRRK!  
HELP!  
BAD MAN!

FOR A MOMENT AFTER THE INJECTION...THE PARROT HURTLED AROUND THE ROOM IN A BRILLIANT PATTERN OF AGONY!



HA HA HA... WHAT COMIC! NOW WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

THAT SHOT YOU GAVE HIM WAS TERRIBLE! NO WONDER THE LABORATORY NEVER USED THE STUFF... IT'S CRUEL!



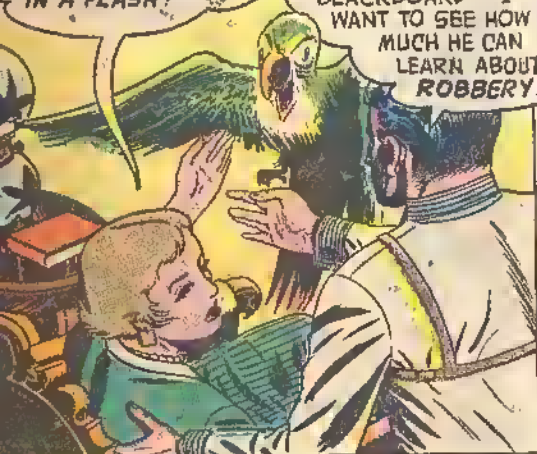
DON'T HAND ME THAT CORA! DURING OUR THREE YEARS OF MARRIAGE YOU'VE DONE YOUR SHARE OF THE SHOOTING... DON'T START GETTING SENTIMENTAL NOW!

CORA! CORA GETTING SENTIMENTAL!



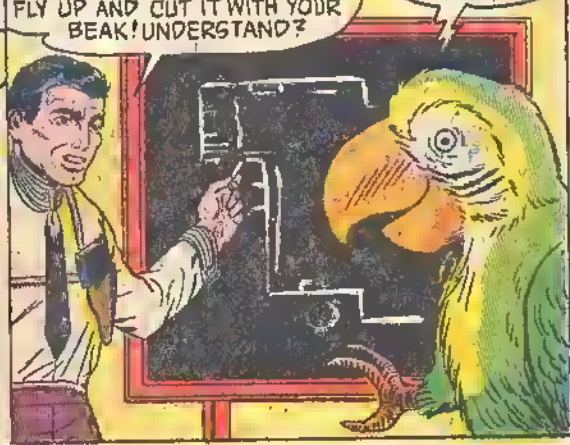
LISTEN TO HIM! THE DRUG'S TAKING EFFECT... HE'S EARNED NEW WORDS IN A FLASH!

YEAH... A REGULAR TALKING MACHINE! GET OUT THAT BIG BLACKBOARD... I WANT TO SEE HOW MUCH HE CAN LEARN ABOUT ROBBERY!



HERE'S THE BACK OF THE FACTORY. SEE? THIS HERE IS THE BURGLAR ALARM WIRE... AND THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GONNA DO IS FLY UP AND CUT IT WITH YOUR BEAK! UNDERSTAND?

BURGLAR ALARM WIRE! FLY UP! CUT IT WITH MY BEAK!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE... BUT THEY KEEP THE TRANSOM OPEN! THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GETTING IN!

GETTING IN! GETTING IN! THROUGH TRANSOM!



IT SEEMED ALMOST A GAME THE PARROT WAS ENJOYING... EXCEPT FOR THAT GLASSY UNBLINKING EYE... DWELLING ON PLOTS AND SCHEMES ROD HOBSON NEVER DREAMED OF!

NICE GOING! NOW... I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO TEACH A SMART BIRD LIKE YOU!



SMART BIRD! SMART BIRD LIKE ME!

THIS IS CORA'S LITTLE AUTOMATIC! YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT IT CAN DO WHEN YOU PRESS THE TRIGGER?

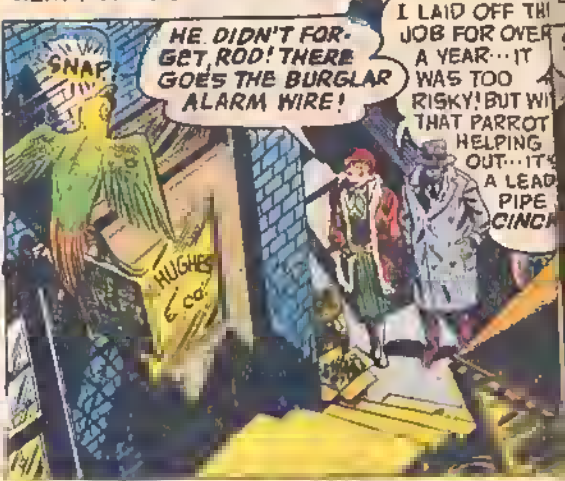
SMART BIRD! SMART BIRD PRESS TRIGGER!



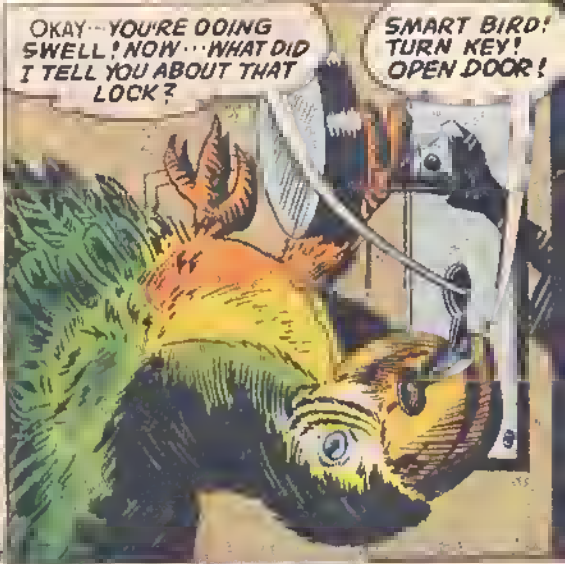
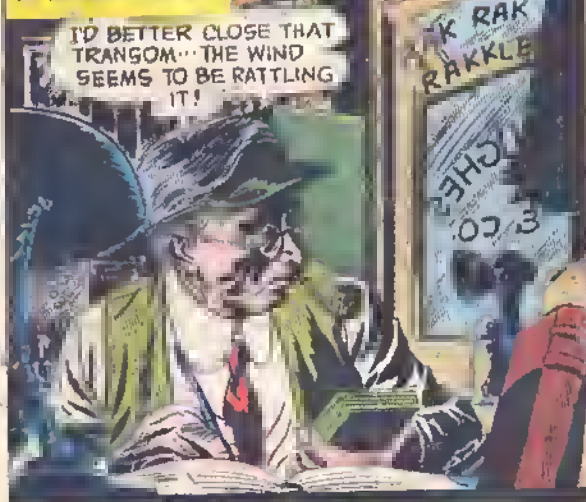




THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ROD AND CORA HOBSON WATCHED TRIUMPHANTLY... WHILE THEIR TALKING MACHINE WENT METHODICALLY TO WORK!



A MOMENT LATER...



THEY KICKED ASIDE THE BODY AND SWEEPED UP THE MONEY---AND THE PARROT WATCHED WITH THAT GLASSY, UNBLINKING EYE!

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS  
---AND WE DIDN'T EVEN  
RISK A RUMBLE  
WITH THE POLICE!

THIS IS JUST THE  
BEGINNING, CORA!  
WHEN THIS FIRST  
INJECTION WEARS  
OFF---WE'LL  
GIVE THE  
TALKING  
MACHINE  
ANOTHER!

SMART  
BIRD! POLICE!  
INJECTION!

ISN'T HE A  
CARD? LISTEN...  
ROD---HE'S PICKED  
UP TWO NEW  
WORDS!

SUDDENLY...WITH A SHRIEK  
THAT ECHOED FOR BLOCKS...

PO-LICE!  
PO-LICE!  
PO-LICE!

SHUT UP, YOU  
SQUAWKING  
IDIOT! REACH  
INTO MY COAT,  
CORA---GET  
OUT THE  
GUN!

WAIT---A SHOT  
IS SURE TO  
BRING THE  
COPS! TALK  
TO HIM---TRY  
TO REASON  
WITH HIM!

SMART BIRD MUSTN'T YELL LIKE  
THAT! WANT TO PLAY WITH GUN?  
WANT CRACKER?

SMART BIRD  
WANT INJECT-  
ION!

WHAAAT? NIX ON  
THAT IDEA, BUD---  
YOU'RE TOO BRAINY  
RIGHT NOW!

PO-LICE!  
PO-LICE!  
SIXTY THOUS-  
AND DOLLARS!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ROD  
---WE'RE UP AGAINST A  
MURDER RAP! GIVE HIM  
WHAT HE WANTS!

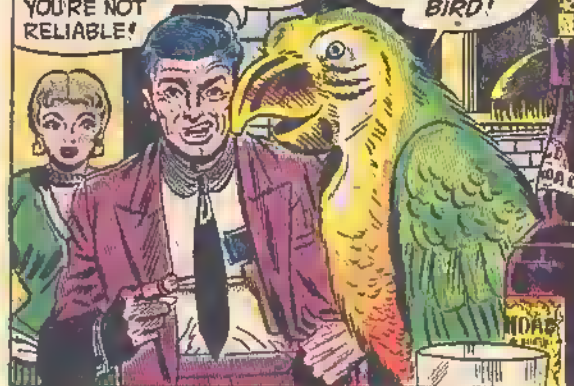
OKAY---HE'LL GET THE  
SHOT! BUT LATER ON  
TONIGHT---I'M FIXING  
HIM FOR GOOD!



AGAIN... ROD HOBSON WIELDED THE NEEDLE! BUT THIS TIME THE PARROT WAITED EXPECTANTLY... AND ITS GLASSY EYE HELD SOMETHING THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS IN A TALKING MACHINE... WISDOM!

THERE'S YOUR SHOT! BUT NO MORE JOBS FOR YOU-- YOU'RE NOT RELIABLE!

RELIABLE BIRD! SMART BIRD!



THERE WAS SILENCE FOR A MOMENT... AND THEN THE PARROT RUFFLED HIS FEATHERS... AND BEGAN TO SPEAK!

ROD! CORA! TAKE ME TO BANK TOMORROW! SMART BIRD WILL LEARN COMBINATION! OPEN VAULT AND GET MONEY! NO POLICE! NO GUN! NO SMASH!



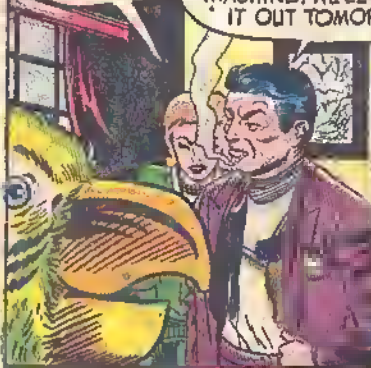
THAT SECOND INJECTION MADE HIM SMARTER THAN EVER... HE'S ABLE TO PLAN A JOB BY HIMSELF!

KEEP QUIET, YOU FOOL!

YEAH... THAT'S A GOOD ANGLE, TALKING MACHINE! WE'LL WORK IT OUT TOMORROW!

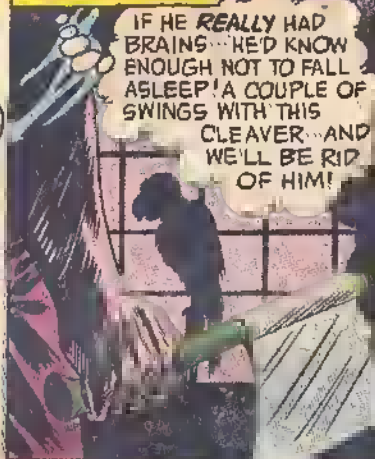
YOU CAN'T BE DUMB ENOUGH TO BACK OUT! THAT BIRD'S IDEAS CAN MAKE US MILLIONS... ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?

SURE... WITH MY IDEAS AND MY PLANS! THAT PARROT'S STARTING TO TAKE OVER... AND IT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK!



TWO HOURS LATER... ROD HOBSON TIPTOED TOWARD THE HUNCHING AND SHADOWED FIGURE!

IF HE REALLY HAD BRAINS... HE'D KNOW ENOUGH NOT TO FALL ASLEEP! A COUPLE OF SWINGS WITH THIS CLEAVER... AND WE'LL BE RID OF HIM!

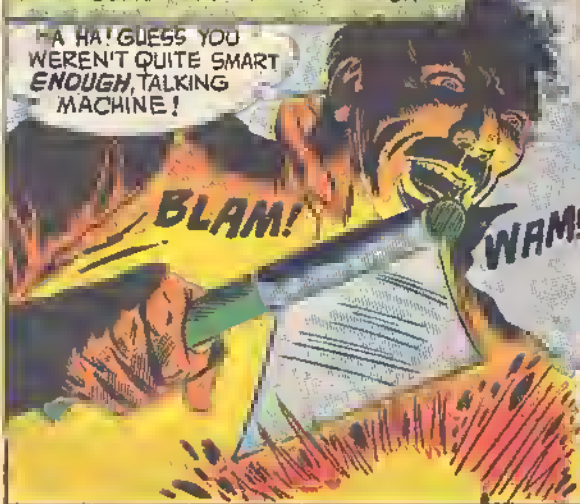


WHEN THE HEAVY BLADE CHOPPED THROUGH SOMETHING SOLID... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN!

HA HA! GUESS YOU WEREN'T QUITE SMART ENOUGH, TALKING MACHINE!

BLAM!

WAM!



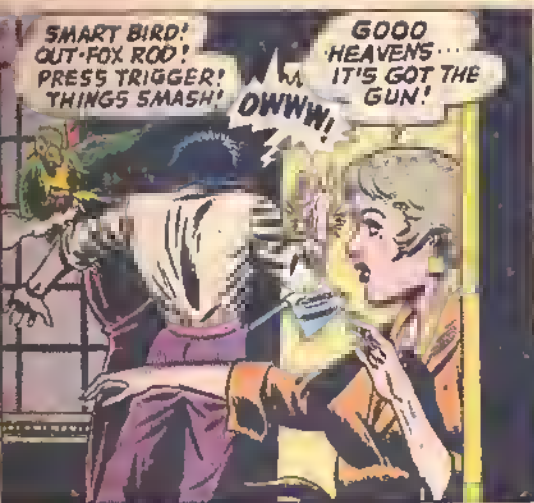
SUDDENLY... THE ROOM WAS ARIATE WITH LIGHT!

ARRRR! BAD ROD! BAD ROD!

THE PARROT 'MY GOSH, IT OUT-FOXED ME... WITH A DUMMY MADE FROM AN OLD MOP!



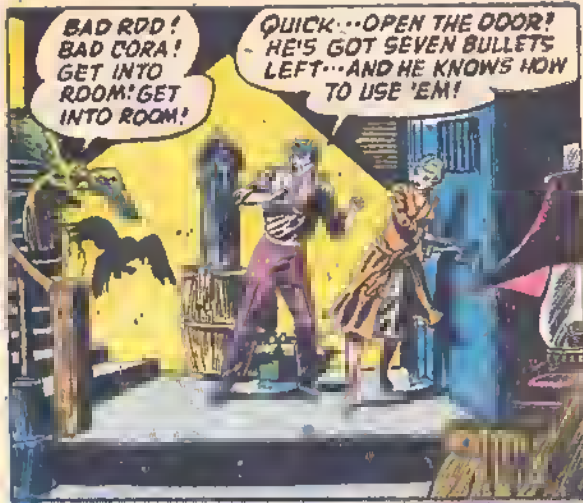




SMART BIRD!  
OUT-FOX ROD!  
PRESS TRIGGER!  
THINGS SMASH!

GOOD  
HEAVENS...  
IT'S GOT THE  
GUN!

OWWW!



BAD ROD!  
BAD CORA!  
GET INTO  
ROOM! GET  
INTO ROOM!

QUICK...OPEN THE DOOR!  
HE'S GOT SEVEN BULLETS  
LEFT...AND HE KNOWS HOW  
TO USE 'EM!

THEN THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS  
SHUT...AND SLOWLY...THE KEY  
GRATES IN THE LOCK!

HOW'D THAT FEATHERED DEMON  
KNOW WE DESIGNED THIS ROOM  
AS A STRONGHOLD...IN CASE  
THE COPS EVER CORNERED US?  
THE WALLS ARE TWO FEET  
THICK...THE DOOR'S ARMOR  
PLATE...WE'LL NEVER  
GET OUT!

KEEP YOUR HEAD...  
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH  
FOOD FOR EIGHT DAYS!  
PLAY IT SMART...GIVE THE  
PARROT PLENTY OF COAX-  
ING AND WHEEL-  
ING...HE'S BOUND  
TO UNLOCK THE  
DOOR!



BUT THE EIGHTH DAY PASSED...  
WITHOUT A GLIMPSE OF THE PAR-  
ROT! HE WAS TOO BUSY ANSWER-  
ING PHONE CALLS FROM OTHER  
THUGS...PRETENDING TO BE A  
POLICEMAN...PRETENDING THE  
HOUSE HAD BEEN RAIDED! FINALLY  
...ON THE TENTH DAY OF HORROR  
...HE FLAPPED TO THE BARS!

YOU FIXED IT, TALKING MACHINE...  
YOU FIXED IT SO NONE OF THE  
GANG WILL EVER COME AROUND  
LOOKING FOR US! IF YOU WON'T  
LET US OUT, FOR PETE'S SAKE  
KEEP US ALIVE...GET US  
FOOD!



SMART BIRD!  
SMART BIRD  
GET FOOD!

AND YET...SOME WEEKS THE PARROT  
WOULD FORGET...SOME MONTHS THE  
CAPTIVES GOT BARELY MORE THAN  
A FEW LOAVES OF BREAD!

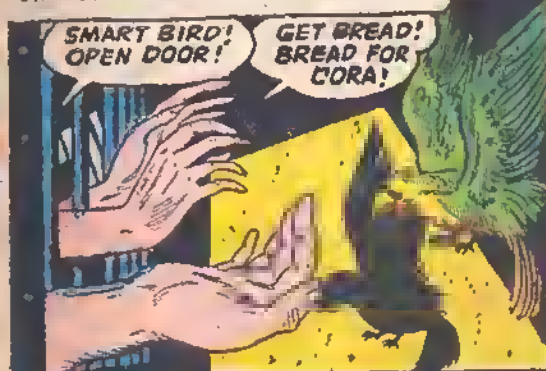
CORA!  
ROD! GET  
FOOD!

LET GO  
...IT'S MINE!

NO  
...NO!



AS TIME CREEPT ON, THEY REPEATED THEIR WHINING  
ENTREATIES LIKE A PAIR OF CRAZY TALKING MACHINES  
...BUT NOW THE EFFECT OF THE DRUG HAD WORN OFF  
...AND TO THE PARROT THEY WERE JUST SOMETHING  
STRANGE HE COULD WATCH AND LISTEN TO...



SMART BIRD!  
OPEN DOOR!

GET BREAD!  
BREAD FOR  
CORA!

WATCH AND LISTEN AND SOMETIMES FEED THEM OUT  
OF SHEER INSTINCT THROUGH THE YEARS...AND A  
PARROT LIVES A LONG TIME!



ARRRRRRK!

CLUMP!

THE END!



# The NINTH VICTIM!

**H**ENRY KREEL was alone in his dark and dirty chemical factory. His workers had gone home only a short while before, after working far into the night at his urgent order.

Now he could smile. He hadn't sold patent medicines all his life without learning a thing or two about business. Once, long ago, you could make a pretty penny selling worthless cough syrups and pills and bromides, but in recent years it'd been necessary to meet the competition of the high-falutin'-sounding wonder drugs. That's why he'd bought the chemical factory. He'd mixed a little of this and a little of that and called his concoction *trabulin*. He'd advertised it as the newest "wonder drug" in cheap magazines all over the country and he'd been cleaning up.

That's why it was such a shock when the government discovered that *trabulin* was deadly to people with certain allergies. Eight had already perished, the drug bureau said, when they ordered him to cease selling *trabulin* immediately.

It could have been a financial disaster, for it left him with a huge and worthless inventory. But Kreel acted swiftly. He added a harmless ingredient to *trabulin*, changed the name to *coreophyll*, and advertised that as the newest wonder drug...at bargain prices, while the supply lasted. Orders poured in. Barely a vatful of the dangerous compound remained.

Eight deaths due to *trabulin*, the government said. Too bad, he thought, but after all, it wasn't as if he'd murdered those people. He'd thought the drug harmless enough. As for selling it under another name, well...he couldn't let himself be ruined, could he? Business was business.

It was as this thought flashed through his mind that he heard the front door of the factory open for a few

moments and then close. Then there was a sound of plodding feet, strange and ominous. "That's peculiar," he thought. "Could the workers be returning for something...?"

He was standing near the vat of *trabulin-coreophyll* when he saw them... a sight which made his blood run cold. They looked like zombies, stiff-limbed and sightless, and they were plodding towards him!

Half-crazy with fear he tried to scream, but couldn't. Numb with terror he could only shrink against the rim of the vat as the ghastly figures formed a semi-circle around him. There were eight of them, men and women, and now he knew that they were dead.

"Who are you?" he gasped finally. "What do you want?"

"Don't you know?" one of them croaked. "We are the eight!"

"Eight? What eight...?" The words died in his throat. The eight! No, it couldn't be!

Suddenly, their cold and clammy hands seized him, bearing him irresistibly upwards, and then...

"No!" he shrieked. "Don't! Not that!"

They had lifted him above the vat of *trabulin*, and as he screamed he was plunged into the cold liquid. But a man couldn't drown in the vat, he realized instantly. It was too shallow. Then, all at once, the awful hands began beating on his head and shoulders, forcing him down, down into the deadly fluid. "Please, please...don't!"

And then the liquid choked off his breath and voice, and as a spinning blackness closed about him he realized that he would be *trabulin's ninth victim*...

In the morning his lifeless corpse was found half-floating in the dense fluid. It was impossible for anyone to understand how a grown man could have drowned...



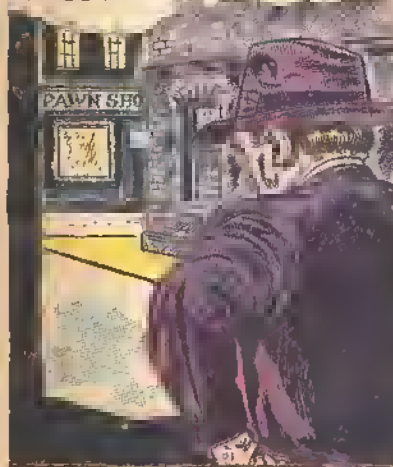
**PAUL HARMON WAS A RUTHLESS KILLER--RATED PUBLIC ENEMY #1 BY THE F.B.I.! HE HAD BROKEN OUT OF JAIL, AND WHILE A NATIONAL ALARM WAS OUT FOR HIM--HE FLED TO--**

# The **STREET THAT WAS**



**HUNGRY AND DESPERATE, ONE THOUGHT POSSESSED THE FUGITIVE'S MIND--**

**I GOTTA HAVE A GUN-- AND THAT'S JUST THE PLACE TO GET IT!**



**IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE PAUL HAD PULLED A MERE STICKUP--BUT HIS TOUCH HADN'T FAILED!**

**LOOKING FOR A WATCH, EH? I'VE GOT SOME FINE ONES-- OHH!**

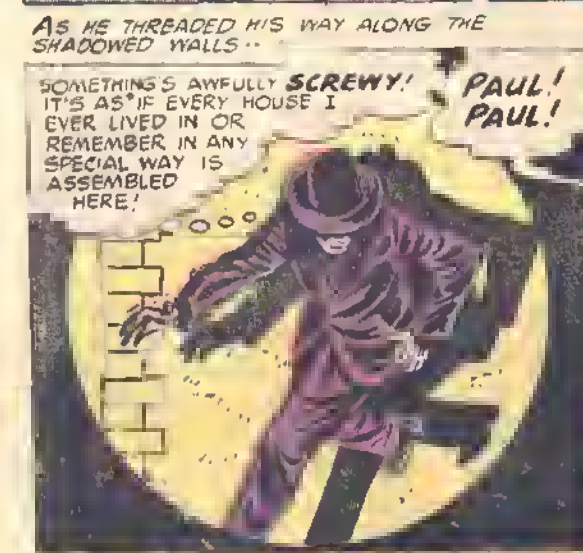
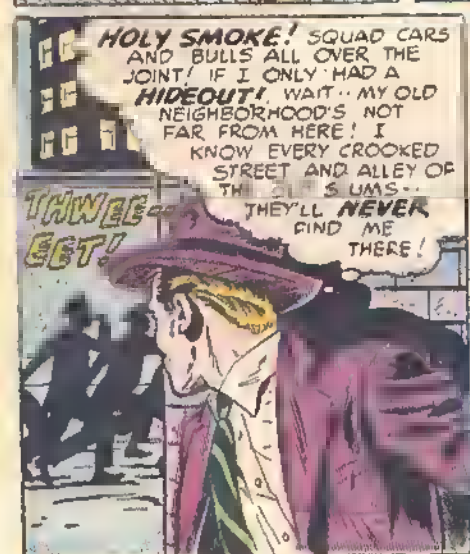


**PLEASE, THAT'S MY WHOLE WEEK'S RECEIPTS! I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KIDS!**

**AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!**











FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PAUL-- DINNER'S WAITING!

MOM! MOM! IS IT REALLY YOU?



IT WAS THE VERY HOUSE HE HAD LIVED IN AS A CHILD! WITHOUT THINKING--

IT-IT IS MOM! SHE'LL PROTECT ME-- SHE WON'T LET THE COPS GET ME!



HECTICALLY, HE DASHED UP THE FAMILIAR STAIRS! THEN, BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR OF HIS OLD APARTMENT--

COME IN, PAUL-- YOU MUST BE BRAVE, MY BOY--

OH, MY POOR, POOR DARLING!

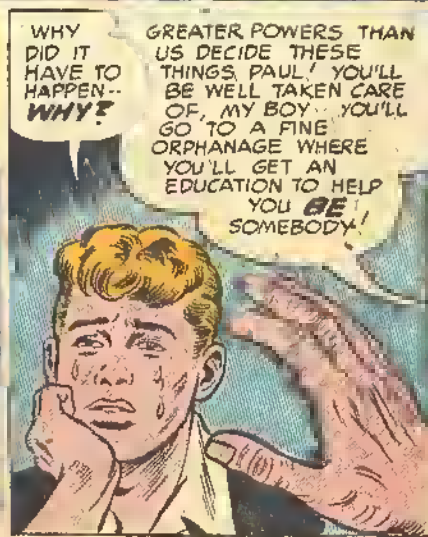
IT WAS THEN HE REALIZED THAT SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAD HAPPENED! NO LONGER WAS HE THE GROWNUP TOUGH PAUL HARMON-- BUT THE BOY HE HAD BEEN-- THAT DAY SO LONG AGO WHEN HIS MOTHER HAD DIED--



I-I'LL BE GONE SOON, MY DARLING-- LEAVING YOU WITHOUT A RELATIVE IN THE WORLD! YOU MUST BE GOOD AND STUDY HARD-- PROMISE ME! YOU MUST--

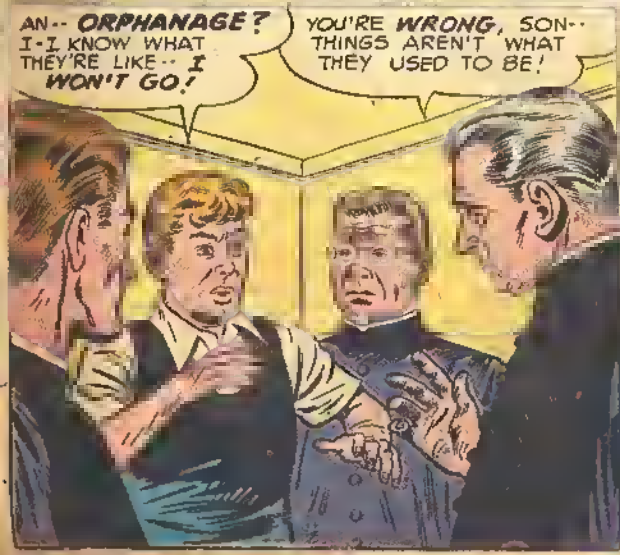
OH! OH! OH!

DON'T LEAVE ME, MOM-- PLEASE!



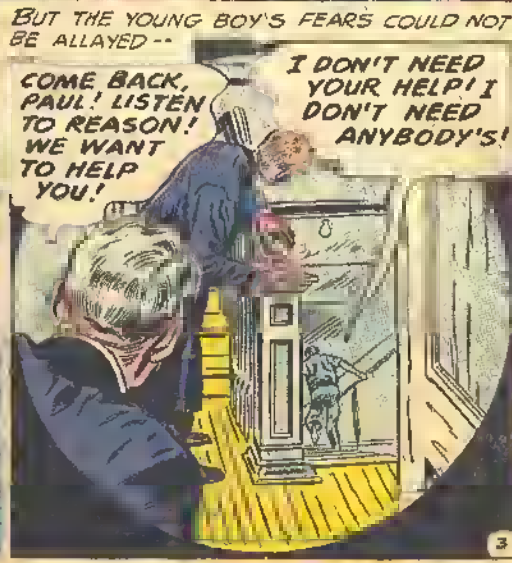
WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN-- WHY?

GREATER POWERS THAN US DECIDE THESE THINGS, PAUL! YOU'LL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF, MY BOY-- YOU'LL GO TO A FINE ORPHANAGE WHERE YOU'LL GET AN EDUCATION TO HELP YOU BE SOMEBODY!



AN-- ORPHANAGE? I-I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LIKE-- I WON'T GO!

YOU'RE WRONG, SON-- THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE!



BUT THE YOUNG BOY'S FEARS COULD NOT BE ALLAYED--

COME BACK, PAUL! LISTEN TO REASON! WE WANT TO HELP YOU!

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP! I DON'T NEED ANYBODY'S!



DESPERATELY, HE DASHED THROUGH THE DOOR--SLAMMING IT BEHIND HIM! THEN--

HUH? WH-WHAT HAPPENED? I-I'M BACK TO NORMAL! MAYBE IT WAS WHAT THE DOCS CALL A--A HALLUCINATION! BUT IT ALL SEEMED SO REAL--EXACTLY WHAT ONCE HAPPENED!

WITH MOUNTING TERROR POSSESSING HIM, PAUL RAN--

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE TO THE ORPHANAGE! IF I HAD, MAYBE I WOULDN'T BE RUNNIN' FROM THE LAW! I'D BE A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN--AND I'D NEVER HAVE HAD THAT SPIT-UP WITH MARY!

SUDDENLY--

PAUL! WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN--WE'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT!

I-I MUST BE GOING NUTS! IT'S MARY--LIKE THE NIGHT SHE WALKED OUT ON ME!

ENTERING MARY'S APARTMENT, A SPINNING HEADACHE GRIPPED HIM! AND WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES--

I'VE--CHANGED AGAIN! MAYBE I AM CRAZY!

WHAT'S WRONG, PAUL? ARE YOU IN TROUBLE AGAIN?

THEN, RELIVING THE PAST--

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, BABY-- I'M SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD! LOOK-- FOR YOU!

YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE IT-- SOMETHING YOU EITHER STOLE OR BOUGHT WITH DIRTY MONEY? OH, PAUL-- WHY WON'T YOU CHANGE?

DON'T BE A SUCKER! ALL I COULD EARN IS NICKELS AND Dimes--THIS WAY I'M RACKING IT IN!

I'LL NEVER MARRY A CRIMINAL! EITHER YOU STOP BEING A THUG--OR WE'RE FINISHED!

OKAY, KID-- IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL! TAKE ME AS I AM OR WE'RE THROUGH!

I-I CAN'T, PAUL-- IT WOULDN'T WORK!



ANGRILY, PAUL STORMED OUT!  
BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE  
STREET!

IT--IT'S  
**INCREDIBLE!** THE HOUSE  
IS **DESERTED** NOW--AND  
I'M BACK IN THE **PRESENT!**  
WHAT A **FOOL** I WAS!  
MARY AND I COULD'VE  
BEEN **HAPPY**-- AND WE'D  
HAVE MANAGED  
SOMEHOW! I GUESS  
I'VE MADE **LOTS** OF  
MISTAKES!

THERE  
HE IS,  
BOYS!  
SHOOT  
TO KILL!

**BLAZES! IT'S  
THE COPS!**

**BANG! BANG!**

WITH THE POLICE CLOSING IN--PAUL  
HARMON RACED WILDLY AROUND THE  
NEAREST CORNER! THERE--

**PSST! HEY,  
BOSS-- IN HERE!  
QUICK! I'VE  
BEEN WAITIN'  
FOR YA!**

**MIKE! WHAT  
A SIGHT  
FOR SORE  
EYES!**

GLEEFULLY, HE LEAPED INTO THE LIMOUSINE! BUT  
ONCE INSIDE--

WE DID LIKE YOU  
SAID AN' KIDNAPPED  
THE JUDGE-- WE'RE  
HOLDIN' HIM AT  
THE WAREHOUSE!

BUT ALL THIS HAPPENED--  
**FIVE YEARS AGO!  
AND MIKE WAS  
KILLED SHORTLY  
AFTER!**

AGHAST, PAUL REALIZED THEY HAD ONLY  
DRIVEN A FEW SECONDS BEFORE MIKE  
STOPPED THE CAR! THEN--

WE'RE HERE, BOSS--  
THE BEST LITTLE  
HIDEOUT IN TOWN!

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PAST!

YOU'RE A **FOOL**,  
HARMON! WITH YOUR  
INNATE INTELLIGENCE  
AND BORN LEADER-  
SHIP YOU COULD'VE  
GONE FAR  
**HONESTLY**--  
BUT YOU'RE TOO  
STUBBORN TO  
LISTEN TO  
REASON!

IT WON'T WORK, JUDGE!  
YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ON A  
ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN  
AGAINST ME-- YOUR  
**DEATH**'LL TEACH LOTS OF  
PEOPLE A **LESSON!**

**NO!  
DON'T--  
AI-EEE!**

I AIN'T GOT TIME  
TO **ARGUE**, JUDGE--  
I GOT A **BIG OATE**  
TONIGHT!

**BANG!**

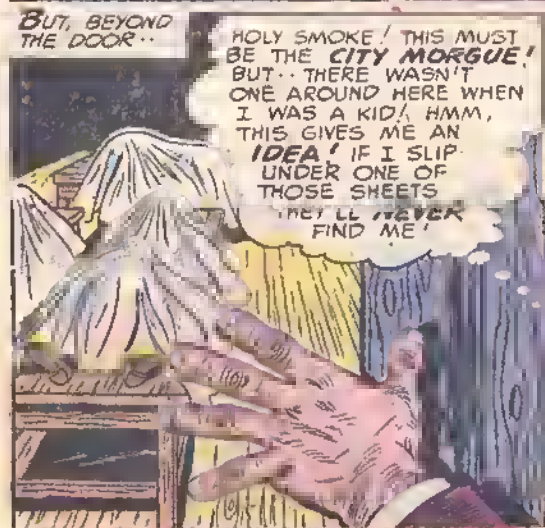




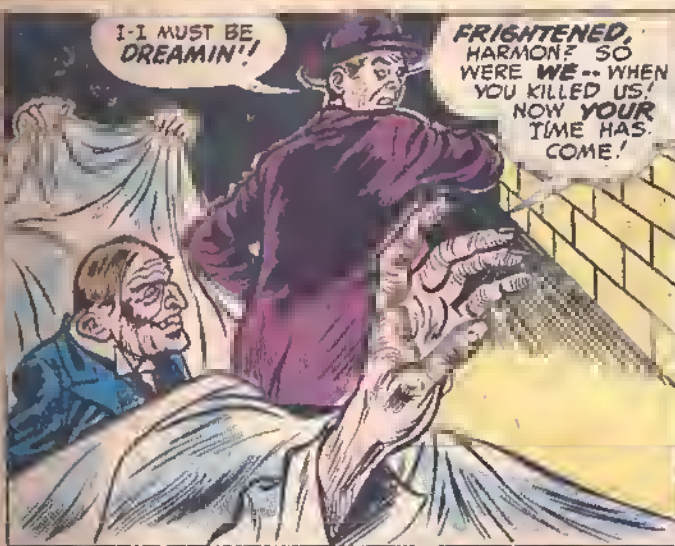
ONCE MORE, AS THE POLICE CLOSED IN TIGHTER, PAUL FLED...



AT THE END OF THE ALLEY...







I-I MUST BE DREAMIN'!

FRIGHTENED, HARMON? SO WERE WE-- WHEN YOU KILLED US! NOW YOUR TIME HAS COME!



LET ME GO! GIMME A BREAK, PLEASE!

PLEAD, HARMON-- THE WAY I DID!

WE ARE ALL YOUR VICTIMS, HARMON-- BUT THE TIME HAS COME FOR REVENGE!

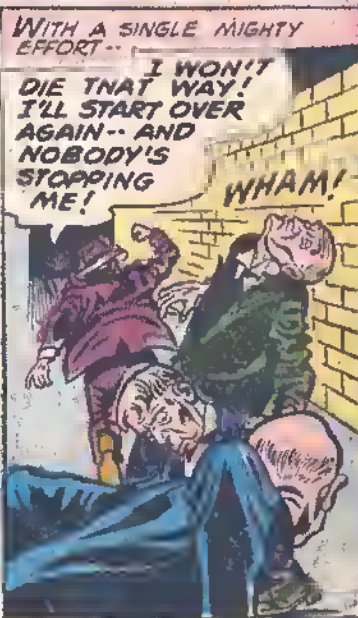


LOOK, HARMON-- LOOK! THAT'S YOUR BODY LYING THERE-- AS IT WILL BE-- SOON! READ THE TAG, KILLER-- SEE WHAT IT SAYS!



NO! IT'S NOT TRUE! I'M ALIVE!

POTTER'S FIELD, IT SAYS-- BECAUSE YOUR BODY REMAINED UNCLAIMED! YOU DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE WORLD-- NOT A SINGLE SOUL TO MOURN YOU!



WITH A SINGLE MIGHTY EFFORT--

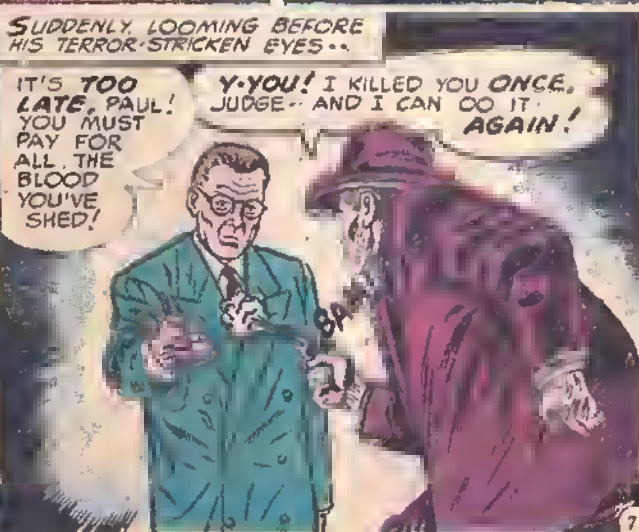
I WON'T DIE THAT WAY! I'LL START OVER AGAIN-- AND NOBODY'S STOPPING ME!

WHAM!



LIKE A MAN GONE MAD, PAUL RACED AWAY...

THEY WON'T GET ME! I'LL START OVER! I WILL!



SUDDENLY, LOOMING BEFORE HIS TERROR-STRICKEN EYES--

IT'S TOO LATE, PAUL! YOU MUST PAY FOR ALL THE BLOOD YOU'VE SHED!

Y-YOU! I KILLED YOU ONCE, JUDGE-- AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!



BUT  
BULLETS  
DIDN'T  
HELP PAUL  
NOW!  
NEARLY  
INSANE  
WITH FEAR,  
HE FLED  
IN THE  
OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION--  
BUT--

REMEMBER ME,  
HARMON? YOU  
KILLED ME IN  
A STICKUP--  
MANY YEARS  
AGO! I'M HERE  
TO SEE YOU  
DON'T  
ESCAPE!

GET OUT OF  
MY WAY!

BANG!  
BANG!



THEN, AS GRIM SPECTERS  
CLOSED IN ON ALL SIDES--

WE ARE FROM THE  
PAST, PAUL HARMON--  
AND WE HAVE FINALLY  
CAUGHT UP  
WITH YOU!

STAY  
BACK--  
BACK!  
M-MY GUN--  
IT-- IT'S  
EMPTY!

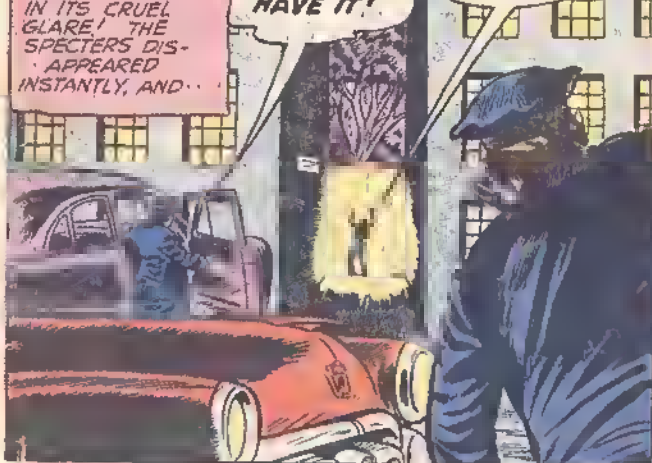
CLICK!  
CLICK!



SUDDENLY THE  
ANGRY BEAM OF  
A SPOTLIGHT  
CAUGHT PAUL  
IN ITS CRUEL  
GLARE! THE  
SPECTERS DIS-  
APPEARED  
INSTANTLY, AND--

THERE HE  
IS, MEN!  
LET HIM  
HAVE IT!

NO--DON'T!  
I SURRENDER!  
I--



YAAAAGH!

BRAT  
TAT TAT!

BRAT  
TAT TAT!

BRAT  
TAT TAT!



HE'S DEAD, CHIEF!  
GOOD RIDDANCE,  
I SAY-- HE WAS  
NOTHING BUT A  
MAD DOG KILLER--  
ROTTEN CLEAN  
THROUGH!

YOU SAID IT, CHIEF--  
THERE'S A GUY  
WHO WAS **BORN**  
BAD!



LATER, AT THE CITY MORGUE--

I'VE MARKED HIM  
D.O.A., DOC--  
DEAD ON  
ARRIVAL!  
ANYTHING ELSE?

YEAH, MARK HIM FOR  
BURIAL IN POTTER'S  
FIELD-- NOBODY'LL BE  
CLAIMING HIM!



THE END



# THE THING on the BEACH!

MAYBE I STARTED OUT CRAZY...MAYBE I WAS ALWAYS CRAZY...EVEN BEFORE THE LONELY TERROR OF THE THING ON THE BEACH! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME...AND YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU COULD FORGET IT! BUT LET'S START FROM THE BEGINNING...A WEEK AFTER I SHIPPED OUT OF MANILA AS A SEAMAN ON A TRADING SCHOONER!

HARRY LAZARUS.

SHAKE IT UP, SLEW-FOOT! DO WE HAVE TO TAKE ALL DAY TO REEF A TOPSAIL?

QUIT YAPPING, ROGERS! YOU'VE BEEN A SORE-HEAD EVER SINCE WE LEFT PORT!

CRACK!





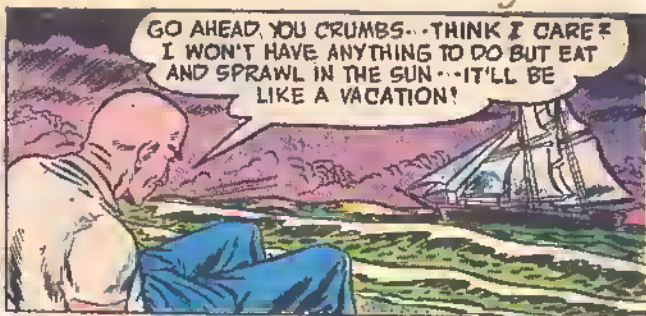


THE NIGHT...THAT FATAL NIGHT...WE  
REACHED THE ISLAND!

I'LL HAVE THE  
PHILIPPINES COAST  
GUARD PICK YOU UP IN  
ABOUT TEN DAYS, ROGERS!  
I WANT YOU TO BE ALONE  
FOR A WHILE...ALONE  
WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE...  
AND SEE HOW  
YOU LIKE IT!



GO AHEAD, YOU CRUMBS...THINK I CARE?  
I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO BUT EAT  
AND SPRAWL IN THE SUN...IT'LL BE  
LIKE A VACATION!

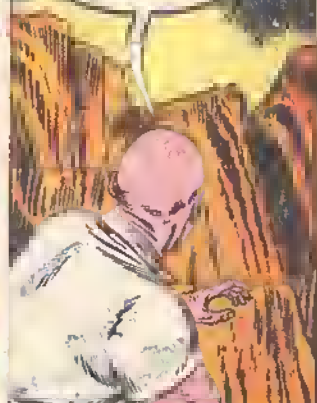


IT WAS BOILING NOON  
WHEN I WOKE UP...HOT...  
AND HUNGRY!

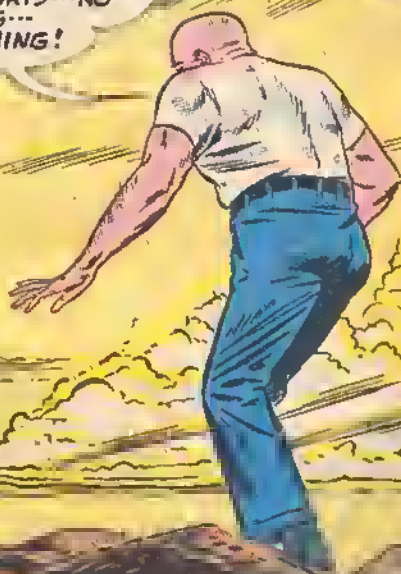
GUESS I'LL CATCH ONE OF  
THOSE GOATS THE CAPTAIN  
MENTIONED! YEAH, AND  
SOME COCONUTS AND  
BANANAS...THE ISLAND  
MUST BE CRAWLIN'  
WITH 'EM!



FUNNY... I DON'T SEE ANY-  
THING GROWING! I'D  
BETTER CLIMB ONE OF  
THOSE STRANGE FOR-  
MATIONS AND LOOK  
AROUND!



I CAN SEE CLEAR  
TO THE OTHER SIDE!  
NO GOATS...NO  
TREES...  
NOTHING!



NOTHING ALIVE ON THIS CURSED  
PLACE BUT ME! THAT DEVIL OF  
A CAPTAIN LEFT ME  
HERE TO STARVE...  
TO DIE!



I GOTTA KEEP MY HEAD! I CAN'T BE  
ALONE...I'M SURE THERE'S LIFE  
ON THIS ISLAND...  
I CAN FEEL  
IT!





THE STRANGE COLUMNS OF MUD WERE EVERYWHERE ---AND AMONG THEM---

BONES! THEY'RE GOAT SKELETONS --- HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

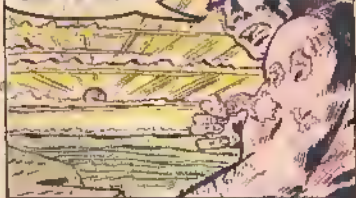


YEAH ---AND HERE'S A PIECE OF COCONUT HUSK! THERE WERE TREES HERE --- THERE WERE GOATS --- BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM?

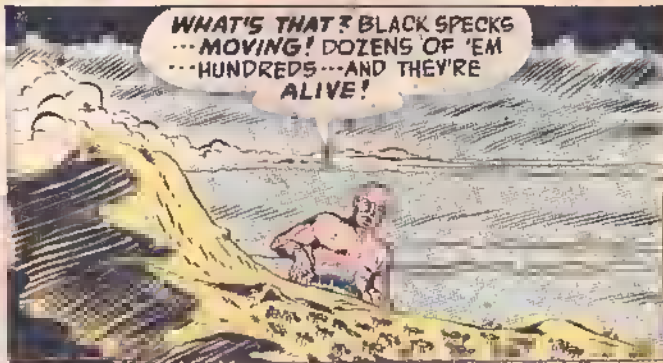


THE SUN BEAT DOWN --- THE WAVES ROLLED IN --- DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY! I EAT THERE HALF-DEAD --- WATCHING THE SUN-BLACKENED SKIN PEEL FROM MY BODY ---

I'M GONNA LIVE --- I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'M GONNA LIVE --- AND GET EVEN!



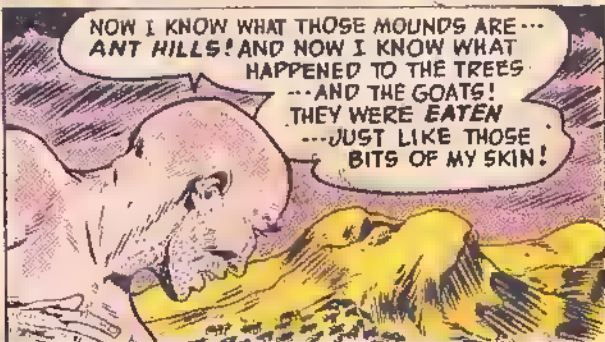
WHAT'S THAT? BLACK SPECKS --- MOVING! DOZENS OF 'EM --- HUNDREDS --- AND THEY'RE ALIVE!



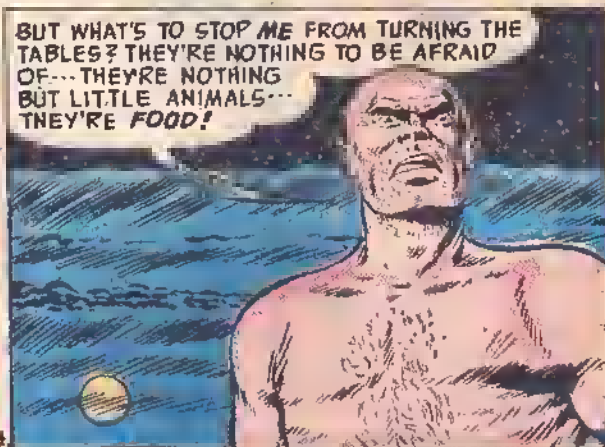
ANTS! THEY'RE CARRYING AWAY PIECES OF MY SKIN!



NOW I KNOW WHAT THOSE MOUNDS ARE --- ANT HILLS! AND NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TREES --- AND THE GOATS! THEY WERE EATEN --- JUST LIKE THOSE BITS OF MY SKIN!



BUT WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM TURNING THE TABLES? THEY'RE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF --- THEY'RE NOTHING BUT LITTLE ANIMALS --- THEY'RE FOOD!

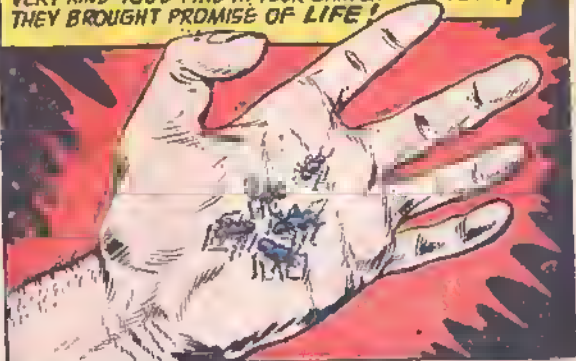




FOOD...ALL AROUND ME!  
MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF  
ANTS...AND I'VE BEEN  
STARVING!



STRANGE, WASN'T IT? SMALL BLACK INSECTS...THE  
VERY KIND YOU'D FIND IN YOUR GARDEN...BUT TO ME,  
THEY BROUGHT PROMISE OF LIFE!



SOMETHING TOLD ME THERE WAS LIFE HERE  
SOMETHING TOLD ME I WAS GONNA LIVE!  
MAYBE I'M RIGHT ABOUT ANOTHER THING...  
MAYBE I'M GONNA MAKE THAT SHIP-  
LOAD OF SKUNKS SORRY THEY WERE  
BORN!



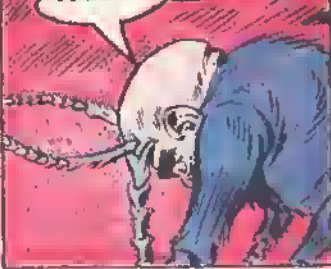
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, I HUNTED ANTS...  
I ATE ANTS! MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT WAS  
NATURAL TO THINK LIKE AN ANT...AND  
ACT LIKE AN ANT! BUT HOW HORRIBLE THIS  
WAS...TO FIND I'D BEGUN TO LOOK  
LIKE AN ANT!



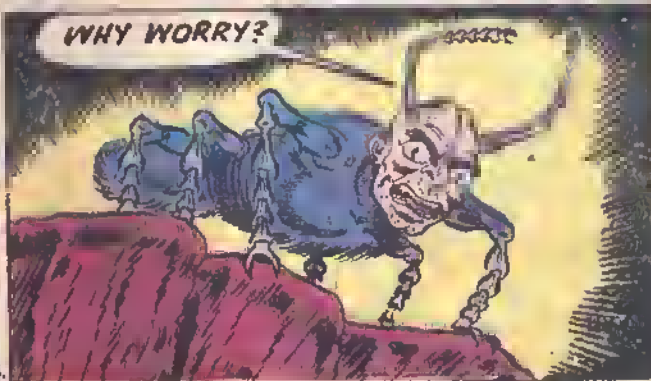
NO...NO--IT COULDN'T  
HAVE HAPPENED! I'M A  
MONSTER...I'M A HORROR  
...THIS IS WORSE  
THAN DYING!



BUT MAYBE IT ISN'T SO BAD  
...AFTER ALL! I'VE GOT SIX  
LIMBS NOW...SIX STRONG  
LIMBS...LIMBS WITH  
HOOKS! AND I'VE GOT  
BIG FANGED JAWS...  
THINGS THAT CAN RIP  
LIVING FLESH--AND  
KILL!



WHY WORRY?





FROM THEN ON, I WAS A THING ON THE BEACH---WAITING! WAITING FOR THE WHITE SPECK ON THE HORIZON I KNEW WOULD COME---AS IT DID ONE STORMY AFTERNOON!

IT'S THE SHIP---COMING TO PICK ME UP! I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL---THEY MUSTN'T SEE ME---UNTIL THEY LAND!

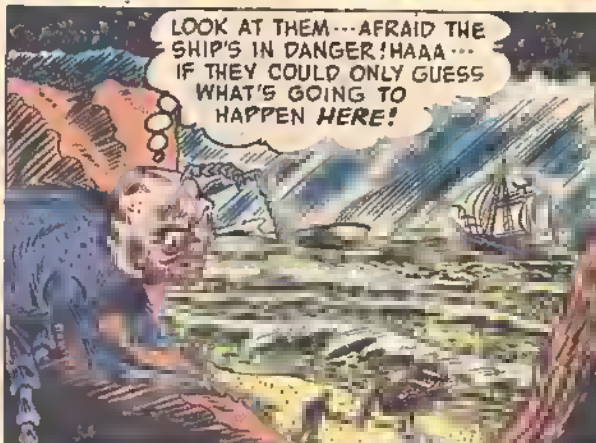


YOU'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE, CAPTAIN--- LEAVING THE SCHOONER IN DANGEROUS WATER ...WITH REEFS ALL AROUND!

WHAT ELSE CAN I DO... AFTER JUST LEARNING THAT COAST GUARD VESSEL WAS TOO BUSY TO RESCUE ROGERS? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF THAT ISLAND WEEKS AGO!



LOOK AT THEM---AFRAID THE SHIP'S IN DANGER! HAAA... IF THEY COULD ONLY GUESS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN HERE!



I WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THE COAST GUARD VESSEL, CAPTAIN!

GOOD LORD ...IT'S ROGERS!



ROGERS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIDEOUS THING HAPPENED TO YOU... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME ...IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

PLENTY OF GOATS, YOU TOLD ME... PLENTY OF FRUIT! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT KEPT ME ALIVE? I ATE ANTS!



YES, ANTS! BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN ANTS NOW!





THAT FIENO'S KILLING JIM!  
GET UP THE HILL, QUICK...  
MAYBE WE CAN HIDE  
AMONG THE  
ROCKS!

AAAGH!

FOR A HALF-  
HOUR THERE WAS  
NO SOUND BUT  
THE GRATING OF  
MY MANDIBLES...  
BUT SUDDENLY...  
A ROAR CAME  
FROM THE SEA!

CRASH!

THE HULL'S SPLIT OPEN -  
ON A REEF! SWIM FOR THE  
ISLAND...IT'S OUR ONLY  
CHANCE!

HOLY SMOKE  
...WHAT IS  
THAT?

HA HA  
HA HA!

CLIMB, YOU  
FOOLS...CLIMB  
...BEFORE HE  
GRABS YOU!

ROGERS...LISTEN!  
I'LL COME DOWN...  
I'LL LET YOU KILL ME  
...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO  
PROMISE NOTHING  
WILL HAPPEN TO THE  
CREW!

DO YOU THINK I'M  
READY TO BARGAIN...  
WHEN I'VE GOT YOU  
ALL TRAPPED? YOU'RE  
GOING TO WATCH ME,  
CAPTAIN...YOU'RE  
GOING TO WATCH ME  
FOR MONTHS...BE-  
CAUSE I'M SAYING  
YOU FOR LAST!

YES...PLENTY OF NOURISHMENT FOR  
MONTHS! AND THEN ANOTHER SHIP MAY  
SINK...A PLANE MAY CRASH  
...AND WHO  
KNOWS...I  
MAY MEET  
YOU!

THE  
END!



# From **YOUR EDITOR** to **YOU!**

**N**OW THAT SPRING is here, and with Summertime just around the corner, we think it a good idea to answer a question we're often asked. Many fans write: "I don't like to miss a single issue of 'Forbidden Worlds'. But I'm going away for the whole summer on vacation, far from any city, so how do I get my copy of my favorite supernatural magazine?"

Well, the answer's simple. You don't need a subscription to be sure of getting "Forbidden Worlds", because it is on sale everywhere. Our distribution reaches into every nook and cranny of our great country. Fans often tell us what a great comfort it is to find "Forbidden Worlds" available in country stores and crossroads stands. Remember, if you don't see it, ask for it!

These facts give some indication of the popularity of "Forbidden Worlds" in the field of supernatural comics. From the very first discerning readers have recognized that here was a magazine that was different. The hackneyed and the absurd alike were banished

from our pages, as was mere senseless terror. Yes, we determined at the start that "Forbidden Worlds" would contain only the most spellbinding and thoroughly researched stories available, illustrated by the finest artists in the field.

Artwise our current issue is one of the best we've ever published, and storywise we think you'll agree it's out of this world! We doubt that you've ever read a more unbearably suspenseful tale than "The Talking Machine". Get set for a weird adventure into the past as you turn the fascinating pages of "The Street That Was". Perhaps you'll find it hard to credit the strange yarn called "They'll Never Believe Me!" but you'll never forget it! As for the ghastly menace in "The Thing On The Beach", beware!

We welcome your comments, for they are the life blood of our editorial policy. Simply write to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll print it as soon as possible! Now, let's peep into our mailbags:

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading the recent issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' for the third time, and I still enjoyed it. I wish you'd continue some of the stories.

-K. Bridgeman, Bakersfield, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

'Forbidden Worlds' is tops in my book. I like vampire stories, so keep them coming.

-Richard Eckert, Philadelphia, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I enjoy all of your stories very highly. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I especially liked your recent stories 'Love Me Forever' and 'The Drakko'.

-Sally Mae Price, Tallahassee, Fla."



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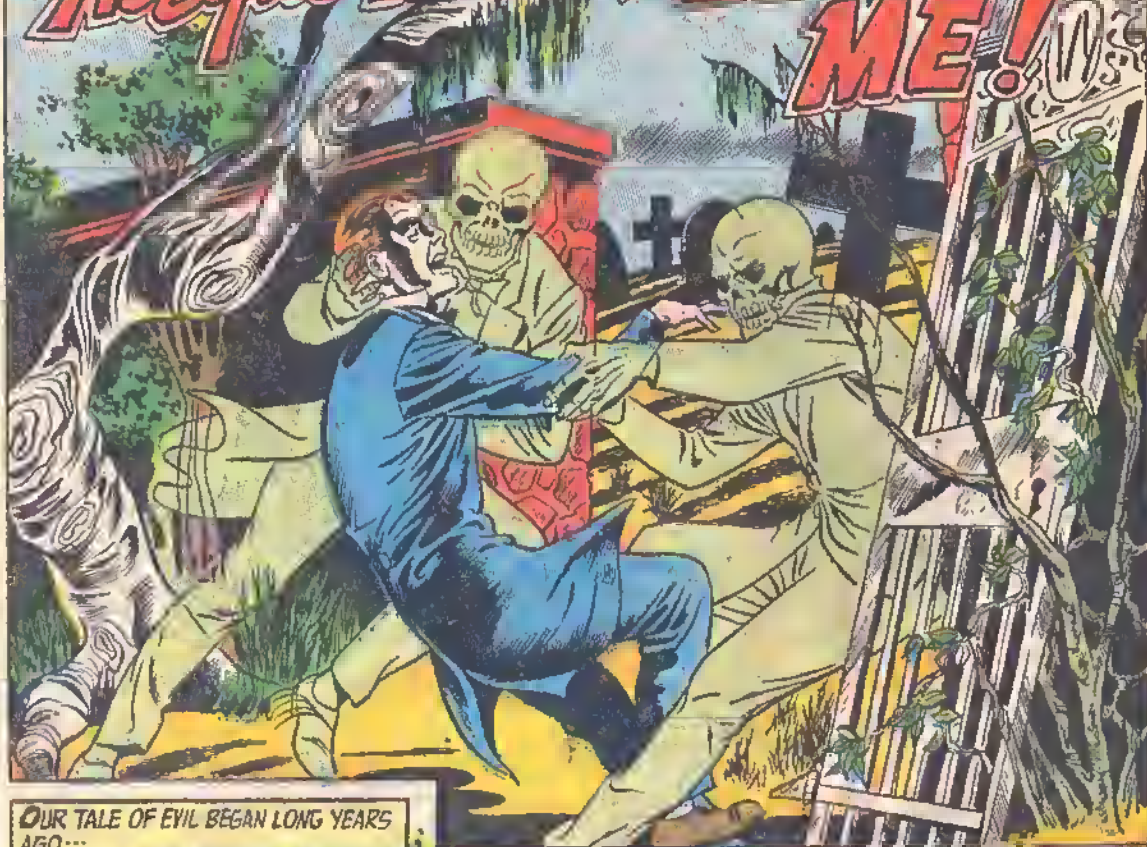
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WHAT WEIRD SECRET LAY BEHIND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIRAM THONE? ONLY HIRAM'S FRIEND, JETH CABEL, COULD HAVE TOLD THE WHOLE MONSTROUS, MIND-SHATTERING STORY! BUT JETH DIED A GIBBERING LUNATIC... DIED MUMBLING OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

# THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!



OUR TALE OF EVIL BEGAN LONG YEARS AGO...

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE CORBIE MANSION AUCTIONED OFF!



I'M NOT SORRY... THE CORBIES WERE AN EVIL TRIBE! THEY TRACED THEIR BLOOD BACK TO THE SALEM WITCHES!

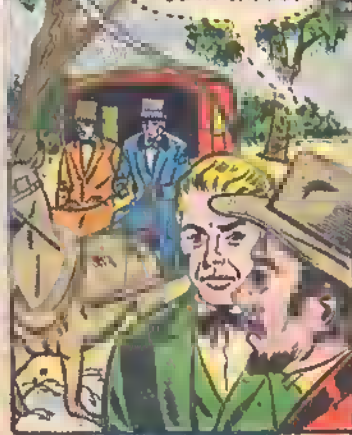
TRUE! I'LL WARRANT MORE THAN ONE OF THEM MADE HIS PACT WITH THE DEVIL!

BUT NOW THAT MARIA CORBIE AND HER BROTHERS, CALEB AND GIDEON, DIED IN A BOATING ACCIDENT, THAT'S THE END OF THE CORBIES! AND GOOD RIDDANCE!



AN ACCIDENT, WAS IT? DIDN'T THE CORBIE BOAT SAIL FROM HIRAM THONE'S DOCK ON THAT LAST TRIP?

QUIET! HERE COMES THONE NOW... WITH HIS FRIEND, JETH CABEL!





YOU CACKLING OLD GEESE! I HEARD YOU BLAMING ME BECAUSE THE CORBIES DROWNED!

AND WITH GOOD REASON, THONE! WE KNOW THAT ONLY TWO WEEKS AGO, MARIA CORBIE REFUSED TO MARRY YOU!



AND WE'VE HEARD HOW HER TWO BROTHERS, GIDEON AND CALES, THREW YOU OUT OF THEIR HOUSE!

WASN'T THE WHOLE TOWN LAUGHING ABOUT IT? ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US YOU DIDN'T TAKE REVENGE?



YOU FOOLS! WOULD I HAVE KILLED THE WOMAN I LOVED? YOU'RE GOSSIPS... SLANDERERS! SLANDERERS!



INSIDE... AS THE AUCTION PROGRESSED...

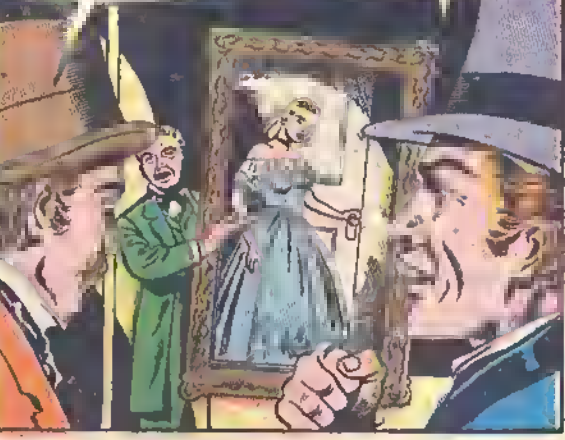
BUT WHY DID YOU COME HERE, HIRAM? SURELY THERE'S NOTHING YOU'D WANT TO BUY!

LET'S SAY I JUST CAME TO GLOAT OVER THE FINISH OF THE CORBIES!



LOOK THERE, HIRAM! ISN'T THAT A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING THEY'RE AUCTIONING OFF?

IT--IT'S A PORTRAIT OF MARIA CORBIE! I MUST HAVE IT!



THONE WAS WEALTHY... HE OUTBID ALL OTHERS...

SO I HAVEN'T LOST HER AFTER ALL! THIS WAY, MARIA WILL REMAIN BEAUTIFUL FOREVER... AND FOREVER MINE!



IT WAS AS THEY WERE LEAVING THAT AN OLD SERVANT OF THE CORBIES DREW CLOSE...

IT WAS YOU THAT KILLED MARIA AND HER BROTHERS! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT... THE CORBIES WILL SEE TO THAT!

STAND BACK, YOU OLD CRONE!





WITH THE OLD WOMAN'S WEIRD PROPHECY, A STRANGE GLOOM CAME OVER HIRAM! SLOWLY THE AWFUL STORY CAME OUT...

IT'S...TRUE, JETH! THEIR BLOOD IS ON MY HANDS! I WANTED REVENGE ON GIDEON AND CALEB...SO I BORED HOLES IN THEIR BOAT!

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW MARIA WAS WITH THEM! I WORSHIPED HER, EVEN THOUGH SHE DESPISED ME! THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT HER PORTRAIT...SO I COULD KEEP HER WITH ME ALWAYS!

YOU'VE GOT A HEAVY WEIGHT ON YOUR SOUL, HIRAM...

A PREMONITION OF EVIL HUNG OVER THEM LIKE A SHROUD! BUT NOT UNTIL THEY ARRIVED AT THE THONE MANSION DID THEY KNOW THAT FIRST CHILL TOUCH OF THE HORROR TO COME!

LOOK! HER FACE...IT'S BECOME A MASK OF HATE! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, GET RID OF THIS PAINTING, HIRAM!

I-I CAN'T, JETH! I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT... IT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT OF MARIA!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THAT PAINTING, I TELL YOU!

PLEASE GO NOW! I MUST BE ALONE WITH HER! I MUST!

WHEN JETH CABEL VISITED HIS FRIEND A WEEK LATER, HIRAM SEEMED LIKE A MAN POSSESSED! THAT SATANIC PAINTING HELD HIM IN ITS POWER!

IT'S UNCANNY! SHE SEEMS TO BE SMILING NOW!

IT WAS THE FLOWERS, JETH... I BRING HER A FRESH BOUQUET EVERY DAY! I THINK SHE'S BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOVE HER!

THE DOOR IN THE PICTURE...IT'S OPENING! AND THERE'S SOMETHING LURKING BACK THERE...LYING IN WAIT! I TELL YOU THIS THING IS EVIL...

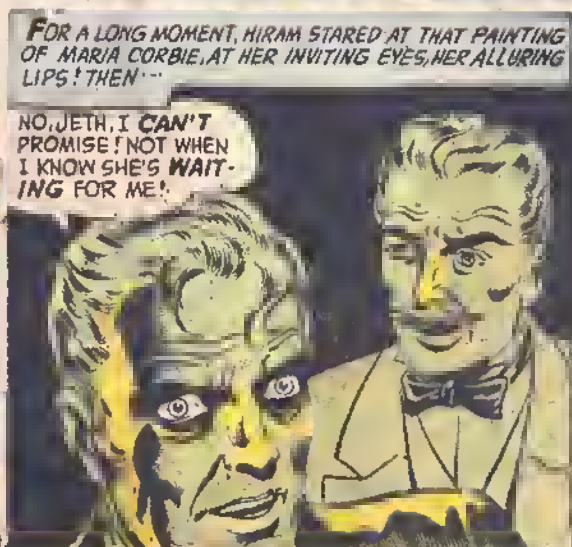
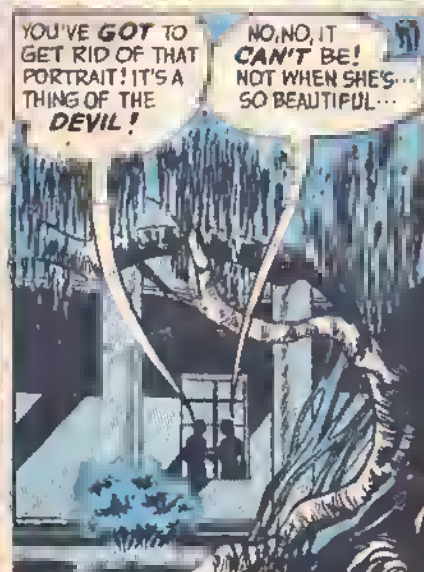
IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? DON'T YOU SEE HOW HAPPY SHE IS HERE...NOW THAT SHE UNDERSTANDS?

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER DEATH MY CONSCIENCE IS AT PEACE! I KNOW MARIA HAS FORGIVEN ME!

I...HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, HIRAM!









SICK WITH FOREBODDING, JETH STEPPED OUT INTO THE NIGHT... JUST AS AN INSANE SCREAM OF TERROR ECHOED BEHIND HIM!

**YARRGH!**

**HIRAM!**



MY HAND! I GAVE HER MY HAND! H-HELP!

HA-HA! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, GIDEON!

JETH BURST INTO THE DRAWING ROOM... AND STOOD ROOTED IN HORROR! THE PAINTING HAD COME ALIVE!



QUICKLY, CALEB! GET HIM INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOOR!

**NO... DON'T!**

GIDEON! CALEB! MARIA'S DEAD - R. THERE!



**AI-EEE!**

**NO! IN HEAVEN'S NAME! NOT THROUGH THAT DOOR!**



TOO LATE! THE DOOR WAS CLOSED AND MARIA CORBIE STOOD BEFORE IT, A PAINTED IMAGE ONCE MORE... HER CRIMSON LIPS TWISTING IN A FIENDISH SMILE...

I... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... GET HELP...



NO! IT'S NO USE! WHO'D EVEN LISTEN TO SUCH A FANTASTIC TALE?



THEY'LL... NEVER BELIEVE ME... NEVER BELIEVE ME... NEVER BELIEVE ME...

AND UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED, THAT WAS ALL HE COULD TELL THEM OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIRAM THONE!

**THE END!**



# YOUR SPARE TIRE IS WORTH \$25,000

DEMONSTRATING  
NAT'L Y ADVERTISED

# PUNCTURE-PROOF SAFE-T-GARD

## WHAT IS SAFE-T-GARD ?

SAFE-T-GARD is a revolutionary, new scientific product that puncture-proofs any ordinary tire. All you do is inject SAFE-T-GARD into the air valve of the tire. You don't even have to remove the tire from the wheel! This miracle compound coats the inner tube instantly sealing off all punctures! SAFE-T-GARD Puncture Proofs Four Tires For Less Than The Cost Of One Ordinary Puncture Proof Tire!

**\$1.98 per tire - \$7.92 for 4 tires**

## A MONEY MAKING BUSINESS FOR YOU —

Fill your spare tire with SAFE-T-GARD. By the way, SAFE-T-GARD will make spares obsolete. Now put the tire on any wheel and drive your car 25 miles. You have just puncture proofed your tire. Prove it by driving a spike into the tire. You won't lose one cubic inch of air! Amazing, but SAFE-T-GARD has been laboratory and road tested.

Now, any salesman will recognize the tremendous value of a demonstration like this. You'll prove to car owners, fleet, truck and cab operators, that SAFE-T-GARD works with one of the most dramatic sales demonstrations possible! Every owner will leap at this PROVEN opportunity to puncture proof his tires for as little as \$1.98 each.

## YOU CAN MATCH THESE ACTUAL EARNINGS FOR YOURSELF



**Mike Roberts**  
Cleveland, Ohio  
"I made \$327 the first week hitting the major service stations in my area."



**John Hohlstein**  
Meriden, Conn.  
"I have been averaging \$85.00 per week selling in my spare time."

## NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS WRITE ABOUT SAFE-T-GARD

**Sears Roebuck & Co.**  
(Educational Division)  
El Paso, Texas  
Gentlemen:

I put 15,000 miles on my car in four months. I feel SAFE-T-GARD is not only the best but much the cheapest method of puncture proofing tires.

Yours truly,  
F. H. Newton  
District Manager

**YELLOW CAB CO.**  
Lincoln 8, Nebraska  
Gentlemen:

We just finished a very busy week-end, with a big football crowd in the city, and no flats. Not one driver lost a minute because of a flat. Ordinarily, we would have had at least fifteen

Respectfully yours,  
Yellow Cab Co.  
E. E. Strube, Gen'l Mgr.

## GET STARTED NOW — DON'T MISS SPRING AND SUMMER DRIVING MONTHS!

You'll agree that this is a square and fair proposition. Send \$5.00 (Refundable Deposit) for a supply of nationally advertised SAFE-T-GARD to puncture proof the 4 tires on your own car and begin your sales demonstrations. Just as soon as you have ordered 36 units of miracle SAFE-T-GARD your five dollar deposit will be refunded. As a successful member of our organization you puncture proof your tires at company expense! Preference given to sincere men — get your refundable deposit on the books now

**NOT ONLY A SURE-FIRE PROVEN PRODUCT — BUT  
NATIONWIDE MILLION DOLLAR ADVERTISING  
AND PROMOTION TO MAKE SALES FOR YOU!**

**NATIONAL SAFE-T-GARD Consumer Contest  
... and Recorded SAFETY Spot Announcements  
Waiting for Local SAFE-T-GARD Sponsorship in Your Territory!**



You'll Cash In On  
The Name Value  
Of These Stars  
Of Radio, Stage  
and Television —



**Mel Allen**

**Don McNeil, Faye Emerson, Rocky Marciano,  
George Jessel, Jinx Falkenburg, Red Buttons,  
John Reed King, Jackie Gleason, And Others.**

**SAFE-T-GARD INC.**  
432 Fourth Ave., Dept. C-2  
New York 16, N. Y.

It is understood that I get preferred treatment. I want to get in on the ground floor of this great money-making proposition.

☐ Enclosed is \$5.00 refundable deposit for a supply of nationally advertised SAFE-T-GARD to puncture proof the 4 tires on my own car. Also include complete sales kit so I can save time and go right to work taking orders.

☐ I want more information on SAFE-T-GARD.

Name

Address  City  Zone  State

## GUARANTEED

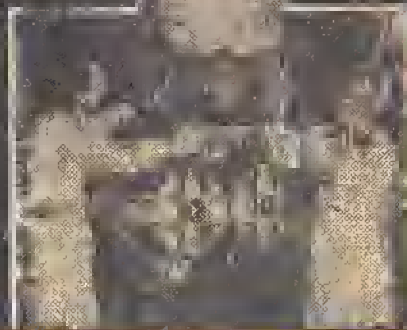


# GET SHOP-METHOD HOME TRAINING

for **SUCCESS** in Today's Top Industries!



SEND COUPON  
TODAY  
for **FREE**  
**BOOK** and  
**COMPLETE**  
**SAMPLE LESSON!**



## **RADIO-TELEVISION & ELECTRONICS** OR **AUTOMOTIVE-DIESEL & ALLIED MECHANICS**

Like a business of your own... or a good job with a big firm... and get paid for what you know? Shop-Method Home Training in Radio, Television, Electronics will bring you the job... money... you've always wanted. 105 million Radios, 3100 stations... 16 million TV sets, over 100 TV stations... many more, now Govt. restrictions are off. Defense industries want trained men for interesting, good pay jobs. Get into this opportunity-making industry... advance fast. Find out how... mail coupon... **TODAY!**

### **I GIVE YOU STANDARD PARTS! INCLUDING TUBES!**

—they are yours to keep. You actually learn by doing, build generators, receivers, a big Super-Het radio.

### **THIS PROFESSIONAL FACTORY-MADE MULTI-TESTER IS YOURS!**



Valuable equipment every Radio-TV man needs. Yours to keep!

**BOTH RESIDENT AND HOME STUDY COURSES OFFERED!**

LET NATIONAL SCHOOLS of Los Angeles, California, a Resident Trade School for almost 30 years, train you at home for today's unlimited opportunities. Pick your industry—mail coupon below now!

### **EARN EXTRA MONEY WHILE YOU LEARN!**

I show you how to earn extra money while learning! Many men have paid for their entire course in this way. You can, too. Remember: Shop-Method Home Training covers every phase of the industry—in an interesting step-by-step way. Why wait—take the first step to success—mail the coupon today!



**DRAFT AGE?** Training helps you get the service branch you want, advance fast. That means higher pay and grade, more prestige—right away! Don't take a chance—mail coupon, now!

These courses also offered in Spanish and Portuguese.

Want to be your own boss... or get into booming industries? 8 million older cars need big, profitable services and repairs. Farm machinery is going Diesel. Defense industry begs for more and more-trained mechanics for high-pay jobs. National Schools Shop-Method Home Training prepares you for all Automotive, Diesel, Allied Mechanics opportunities. Helps you get the security, good pay you've always wanted. Send coupon for your Free Book and Sample Lesson now!

### **I GIVE YOU THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE!**

Big professional-quality kit of tools of your trade—and all-metal tool box. All yours to keep—part of your course; they help make your training more practical—start you off right!

## **NATIONAL SCHOOLS**

Technical Trade Training Since 1905  
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PUT IT OFF  
GET THE  
BIG SALARY  
YOU'VE  
ALWAYS  
WANTED!**

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Los Angeles 37, Calif. Chicago 7, Ill.  
Please rush Free Book & Sample Lesson checked below. No obligation, no salesman will call.  
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# HAVE YOUR OWN TELEPHONE SYSTEM!

HEAR EVEN  
WHISPERS!  
TALK A MILE  
AWAY, LISTEN,  
SIGNAL BUZZ

VOLUME,  
CLARITY,  
FIDELITY  
REAL PHONE  
SIZE—8½"  
10 SECONDS  
TO HOOK UP

CONVENIENTLY  
BOXED  
READY TO USE  
—INCLUDES  
BATTERIES,  
WIRE,  
WIRE NUTS

LATEST MARVEL OF ELECTRONIC SCIENCE

## "ZIMPHONE"

### 2-PHONE INTER-COM PHONE SET

Complete! Ready to Use! You Get

- 2 two-way life size phones
- 2 clear built-in buzzers
- 2 metal wall brackets
- 4 convenient wire nuts
- 50 feet DOUBLE wire
- 2 lasting "C" Batteries

**\$5.98**  
POSTPAID

Send cash, check, money order. We will ship postage prepaid. If C.O.D. you will pay the postage plus C.O.D. charges.



[ MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT  
TWICE AS GOOD AS YOU EXPECTED! ]

USE THE ZIMPHONE EVERYWHERE! COMPACT! STURDY! EASY!



SHOPS! FACTORIES!



ROOM TO ROOM!



USE ONE MILE!



INSTALL ANTENNAS!



PLAY!



FROM SICK ROOM!



TRAILERS! CAMPS!



OFFICES! DESKS!

- Talk from house to house—save time! Save money!
- SIGNAL BUZZ—you're ready to talk! So easy! Such fun!

Guaranteed perfect TONAL QUALITY. Same as your phone!



### PARENTS! PLEASE NOTE!

The ZIMPHONE is a practical communication instrument, it is NOT a toy. Save shouting, save steps, save effort. This is a quality hand-phone, will give years of service. Use everywhere. It is sturdy, handy, efficient.

ZIMPHONE, Dept 73, Suite 59,  
542 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N.Y.  
Enclosed please find my cash,  
check or money order for \$.....  
for ....ZIMPHONE(S).

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
You may order C. O. D.



In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

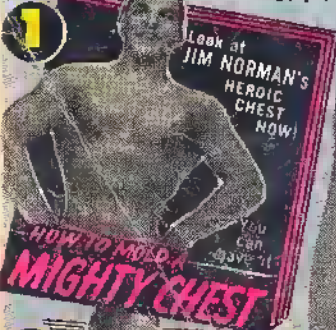
Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the  
Coupon below  
as I did!  
May be **LAST**  
**CHANCE** be-  
fore \$1 price  
goes back!

GET ALL THESE  
PICTURE-  
PACKED  
COURSES  
**5**  
**FREE**

If you mail  
coupon NOW!

Millions  
have  
been sold  
at \$1.



Ken  
**GRIMM**  
**AFTER**  
**MAILING**  
**COUPON**

from this  
Bloodless, Pitiful

**SKINNY**  
**SHRIMP**



Ken Grimm **BEFORE**  
mailing  
coupon

to  
this

**NEW** MUSCULAR  
**RED-BLOODED**  
HEAD-TO-TOE  
**HE-MAN!**

I just  
**GAINED**  
**35 NEW LBS.**  
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED  
**MUSCLES!**  
You can do the same  
as I and **THOUSANDS** have  
You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST**  
6 inches to each **ARM** and  
the rest in proportion as I did.

**NO!** friend you don't have to be **SKINNY**, **WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more  
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.  
Besides getting **ALL 5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** **MILLIONS**  
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**HOW YOU**

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as I just did  
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**WIN**  
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**LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON**

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greater in  
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Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest; 2. How to Build a  
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**MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS**